SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

His

Honorable lifes commendation, and his Tragicall Deathes lamentation.

***

Conamur tenues grandia.

AT OXFORD,

Printed by Ioseph Barnes, and are to bee solde in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the Bible.

1596.

TO THE BEAVTEOVS, AND vertuous Lady ELIZABETH, late wife unto the highlie renowmed SIR FRANCIS DRAKE *deceaſed.*

DIvorc'd by Death, but wedded ſtill by love,
(For love by Death can never be divorced)
Loe *Englands* Dragon, thy true turtle Dove,
To ſeeke her make is now againe enforced.
Like as the Sparrow from the Caſtrels ire
Made his Aſylum in the wiſe-mans fiſt:
So he, and I his tongueſ-man, doe require
Thy ſanctuarie, Envie to reſiſt.
So may heroique DRAKE, whoſe worth gave wings
Vnto my Muſe that nere before could flie,
And taught her tune theſe harſh diſcordant ſtrings,
A note above her rurall minſtralſie,
Live in himſelfe, and I in him may live,
Thine eies to both vitalitie ſhall give.

Your Ladiſhips vertues devoted,

CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY.

To the Authour.

ONce dead, and twiſe alive, thriſe worthie DRAKE,
And worthie thou by whome he lives againe:
O would that thou who him alive doſt make,
A life unto thy ſelfe by him might'ſt gaine!
But if thou canſt not get this for thy paine,
Yet will I offer heart and pen to thee,
And if one faile, the other thine ſhalbe.

Sure one will faile; the other thine ſhalbe,
Admitting thee into her chiefeſt part;
Wiſhing that art with nature would agree,
To ioine an able pen with loving hart,
That to the world ſhee might her minde impart:
So hart imagine ſhould, and art indite,
And art and hart ſhould both thy praiſes write.

But now let DRAKE, unto whoſe ſhrine thou ſingeſt
Theſe lamentable accents on his tombe,
Retribute part to thee of that thou bringeſt,
And make thee famous, though himſelfe be dumbe;
So by thy praiſing, ſhall thy prayſes come:
Then let thy ſwan-ſweet verſe ſing to a DRAKE,
And that which makes him, ſhall thee famous make.

To C. F.

WHen to the bankes of ſweete *Elyſium*
Came worthy DRAKE, to get his paſſage there:
The ferriman denied his ghoſt to come,
Before his exequies ſolemniz'd were:
But none t' adorne his funerall hearſe did prove:
And long he ſate vpon the hapleſſe ſhoare,
Vntill thy Muſe (whome pitie ſtill did move)
Helpt thee to riſe, and him to reſt no more:
And ſent her mourneſull teares unto his ghoſt,
And ſweete (though ſad) complaintes as exequies,
Paſſing him to thoſe fields which long he loſt,
And won his ſoule the ioy, thy pen the priſe:
So ſtill thy funeralles ſhall adorne his name,
And ſtill his funeralles ſhall enlarge thy fame.

F. R.

To the Authour.

ENglands Vlyſſes, ſlaine by mortall fates,
His bodie *Tethys* caught within her armes,
Jove plac'd his ſoule amid the heavenlie ſtates,
Setting him free from fortune-toſſing harmes,
From *Scylla's* gulfes, and *Circes* deadlie charmes:
And both did chuſe a place to keepe his pray,
Tethys her lap, but *Jove* the Milke-white Waye.

Yet ſhall his fame, his worth, his worthy deedes,
Eterniz'd by thy verſe, amonge us dwell,
And whatſoever after-age ſucceedes,
Vnto poſteritie the ſame ſhall tell,
And make thy prayſes with his owne excell:
Time that doth all things elſe in time devoure,
Shall never have thy name within her power.

Old GEFFREY CHAVCER, *Englands* auncient Muſe,
And mirrour of the times that did enſue,
Yeelded to death, that nere admits excuſe;
But now in thee he ſeemes to live a newe,
(If grave *Pythagoras* ſage ſawes be true:)
Then ſith old GEFFREY's ſpirite lives in thee,
Rightlie thou named art FITZ-GEFFERY.

A 4. D. W.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE HIS HONORABLE LIFES commendation, and his tragicall deathes lamentation.

* *
*

DARKE night, the sov'raigne of *Cymmerian* black,
Th' inhabitant of pitchie *Acheron*,
Mounted upon *Alastors* snaky backe,
From *Tænarus* (her blacke pavilion)
Rides through the world in sad progression;
Dew-dropping mists, and darkenesse duskie bloome
Attende, as Heraulds, to proclaime her roome.

Blinde *Vesperugo*, cloath'd in sable shade
(Night's cloudie harbinger, colde *Hesperus*)
Runs on before to see that way be made;
And being authorized her Prodromus,
Rides on the Vulture-bearing *Caucasus*,
Vailing the golden tapers of the light,
And bids Olympus entertaine the night.

Sir Francis Drake.

Shee briſtling up her leaden-plated creſt
Of feathers, broader then the dragons wings,
Whoſe ſpace disioines the *Lycaonian* beaſt
From *Cynoſure*, whoſe praiſe the ſea-man ſings,
That ſhee as patroneſſe directs his rings;
Enclaſpeth with her winged eminence
The worlds orbicular circumference.

Now only is ſhee earth's high Monarcheſſe,
And tirannizeth ore this maſſie rounde;
For hee, whoſe puiſſance quel'd her monſtrouſneſſe,
Enchaining her beneath the waightie grounde,
By deaths fierce Heben trident hath his wounde,
Repaying unto greedie deſtinie,
The int'reſt of his life-lent uſurie.

Drownd is the day-ſtar in th' *Heſperian* deepes,
The radiant *Eos* of white *Albion*:
Tithonus love-laſſe, faire *Aurora*, weepes,
And day-reducing *Phoſphorus* doth mone,
That he unto the other world is gone;
Denying them the traffique of his ſight,
From whoſe faire luſtre they deriv'd their light.

Sir Francis Drake.

See how *Apollo* taſks his wearied teames
Vnto the Occidentall Axeltree,
Making th' Horizon maſke in ſable ſeames,
Abandoning the earth from mirth and glee,
Swearing it never more his lamps ſhall ſee,
But meanes (except the fates his wrath appeaſe)
To live immur'd amonge th' *Antipodes*.

As when he left th' *Olympique* ſtarrie rocks,
Living an exile long in *Theßalie*;
And neere *Amphryſus* fed *Admetus* flocks,
Onlie accompaned with *Mercurie*:
Or when for *Phäetons* ſad tragedie,
Enrag'd with paſſionate woe he fell at ods
With thundring *Jove*, and all the minor-Gods.

But now nor *Clymenes* audacious boy
Torne by the morning-breathing horſes rage;
Nor *Amyclæan Hyacinth's* annoy
Cauſe this his griefe, impatient of aſſwage;
Theſe woes long ſince gave place to time and age:
The paines that now exagitate his ſoule,
Time cannot tame, nor ſwan-white age controule.

Sir Francis Drake.

He, from whoſe ſunne the ſunne deriv'd his ſhine,
(As doth his ſiſter-planet from his light)
Whilome than criſtall far more criſtalline,
Now is oppreſt with deaths eternall night,
Exempt from intercourſe of *Phœbus* ſight;
Who wailes his loſſe, but ſollaced in this,
That his immortall ſoule ſurvives in bliſſe.

The Gods *Pandora*, heavens bright firmament,
Faire *Albions* bulwarke, caſtle of defence,
The worldes rare wonder, th'earths rich ornament,
Harts adamant, mindes ſacred excellence,
Wiſedomes grave *Delphos*, vertues quinteſſence,
Right perfect workmanſhip of ſkilfull nature,
Some ſemi-God, more then a mortall creature.

Great God of proweſſe, thunderbolt of war,
Bellona's darling, *Mars* of chivalrie,
Bloudy *Enyo*'s champion, foe-mens feare,
Fames ſtately Pharus, map of dignitie,
Joves pearle, pearls pride, prides foe, foes enemie:
Spaine-ſhaking feaver, regent of wars thunder,
Vndaunted DRAKE, a name importing wonder.

All

Sir Francis Drake.

All this, yea thriſe a thouſand times and more
Than this untold, though Angels eloquence,
Though all the ſoules of Poets heretofore,
And moderne Muſes made their reſidence
In mortall mould to pen his excellence;
More then all arts Arithmetique can ſumme,
Ay me! are now enclos'd in DRAKES rich tombe.

Tombe? ah no tombe, but *Neptunes* froathing waves:
Waves? ah no waves, but billow-rouling ſeas:
Seas? ah no ſeas, but honour's hallowed graves:
Graves? ah no graves, but bones eternall eaſe:
Eaſe? ah no eaſe, but reſt borne to diſpleaſe:
What ere it be where worthy DRAKE doth lie,
That ſacred ſhrine entombes a Deitie.

If Deitie in earth can be enrold,
Or maie participate with brickle claie,
Or can be compas'd with ſo fraile a mould,
Or be inveſted in ſo baſe aray,
As tranſitorie fleſh borne to decay;
Then whereſoere it be that DRAKE doth lie,
That ſacred ſhrine entombes a Deitie.

Sir Francis Drake.

If Deitie maie be a thing created,
The quainteſt workemanſhip of skilfull nature;
Or by a parliament of Gods enacted,
Or be appropriated to a creature,
Omnipotent *Joves* richeſt architecture:
Then whereſoere it be that DRAKE doth lie,
That ſacred ſhrine entombes a Deitie.

But if mans ſoule his Deitie define;
Which is an eſſence metaphyſicall,
Immortall, heaven-infuſed, and divine;
And fleſh be but a priſon temporall,
That for a ſeaſon holdes the ſoule in thrall:
Then in DRAKE s tombe doth this his priſon lie,
But heavens bright ſhrine containes his Deitie.

O who will leade me to that two-top't mountaine,
The *Heliconian* Muſes laureat hill?
Who will conduct me to that ſacred fountaine,
Whence ſoule-infuſing *Nectar* doth diſtill,
That Poets ſp'rites with winged furies fill:
Where naked *Graces* uſe to bathe and ſwim,
While *Nymphs* and *Fairies* daunce about the brim?

Where

Sir Francis Drake.

Where no *Actæon* ſtragling through the fields
Defiles thoſe *Dian's* with polluted eyes;
No *Pyrenëus* this chaſt forreſt yelds,
Whoſe ſugred words and ſoothing flatteries
Ioyn'd with conſtraint would cauſe them wantonize:
No ſuch polluted peſſaunts haunt theſe places;
For luſt is ſacriledge unto the *Graces.*

Phœbus faire wel-ſprings, fountaines criſtall bright,
Oile of invention, Poets paradiſe,
Impreſſures of conceite, ſap of delight,
Soules ſweete Emplaſtrum, unguent of the eies,
Drops, making men with Gods to ſympathize,
Baths of the Muſes, *Hebes* ſugred wine,
Pure *Helicon*, the very name divine.

Mount me, faire offspring of *Mnemoſyne*,
Vpon *Bellerophon's* winde-winged ſteede;
Lift up my leaden ſp'rite, *Euphroſyne*,
Above the pitch of paſtors rurall reede:
For he that ſings of matchleſſe DRAKE, had neede
To have all *Helicon* within his braine,
Who in his hart did all heavens worth containe.

Sir Francis Drake.

No common theame is ſubiect of my verſe,
One Muſe cannot ſuffice to pen this ſtorie:
He that intends DRAKES merites to rehearſe,
And pen the proceſſe of his famous glorie,
Should in his hart all Muſes ſpirites carrie:
Yet all inferiour to his worthines,
Whoſe ſoule did all the Worthies ſp'rites poſſeſſe.

Audacious infant, proud preſumpteous boye,
That dares preſume to name with faltring tongue,
And voice vntaught to tune an humble laye,
A name which thundring Zephyrus hath ſonge,
And thouſand Echo's through the world have tonge:
With fames triumphant trumpet often ſpred,
From th' Artique to th' Antartique famoſed.

None but old *Atlas* heauen-up-holding armes,
Or greate *Alcides* adamantine breſt,
To whoſe exploites all Poets ſinge alarmes,
Should under-prop the Axel of the weſt,
And wield the heavé that DRAKES name hath addreſt,
Whoſe waight will bruiſe the ſhoulders of the weake;
Let children ceaſe of ſuch exploites to ſpeake.

Yet

Sir Francis Drake.

Yet may we weepe, although we cannot ſinge,
And with ſad paſſions volley forth our feares;
While others accentes in the aire doe ringe,
Our Anthems may detaine the vulgar eares,
And what we want in words, ſupplie in teares:
While *Philomela* tunes ſweete melodie,
Progne may weepe her diſmall tragedie,

Then you, ſweete-ſinging Sirens of theſe times,
Deere darlings of the *Delian* Deitie,
That with your Angels-ſoule-inchauntinge rimes
Tranſport *Pernaſſus* into *Britanie*,
With learnings garland crowninge Poeſie; (eares:
Sdaine not that our harſh plaints ſhoulde beate your
Arts want may ſtop our tongues, but not our teares.

SPENSER, whoſe hart inharbours *Homers* ſoule,
If *Samian* Axioms be autenticall:
DANIEL, who well mayſt *Maro's* text controule
With proud *Plus ultra* true note marginall:
And golden-mouthed DRAYTON muſicall,
Into whoſe ſoule ſweete SIDNEY did infuſe
The eſſence of his Phœnix-feather'd Muſe:

Types

Sir Francis Drake.

Types of true honour, *Phœbus Tripodes*,
Hell-charminge *Orphêi*, *Syrens* of the sence,
Wits substance, *Joves* braine-borne *Pallades*,
Soules *Manna*, heavens *Ambrosian* influence,
True centers of renownes circumference,
The gracefull *Graces* faire triplicitie,
Of moderne Poets rarest trinarie.

Imbath your Angel-feathers loftie quill
In fluent amber-dropping *Castalie*,
That liquid gold may from your pen distill,
Encarving characters of memorie,
In brasen-leav'd bookes of eternitie:
Be DRAKES worth royalized by your wits,
That DRAKE s high name may coronize your writs.

Let famous RED CROSSE yeld to famous DRAKE,
And good Sir GVION give to him his launce;
Let all the MORTIMERS surrender make
To one that higher did his fame advance;
Cease LANCASTERS, & YORKES iars to enhaunce;
Sing all, and all to few to sing DRAKES fame;
Your Poems neede no laurell save his name.

Had

Sir Francis Drake.

Had he beene borne in *Agamemnons* age,
Whē ſtout *Achilles* launce ſcourg'd *Troies* proud towres:
When men gainſt mē, and Gods gainſt Gods did rage,
Ænæas, *Achilles*, nor *Vliſſes* powres,
Had beene ſo famous in this age of ours:
All Poets would have written in his praiſe
Their *Æneads*, *Iliads*, and *Odyſſes*.

But now (o ſhame!) the vertuous are forgotten,
Th' *Heröes* are contemn'd, and *Neroes* told:
The auncient orders all are dead and rotten;
Gone is the puritie of Poets old,
And now eternitie is bought and ſold:
Free Poeſie is made a marchandize,
Onlie to flatter is to Poetize.

Wel-worth *Auguſtus* laurel crowned times,
Pure *Halcion* houres, *Saturnus* golden dayes,
When worthies patronized Poets rimes,
And Poets rimes did onlie worthies praiſe,
Sdaining baſe *Plutus* groomes with fame to raiſe:
When now, ſave mercenaryes, few do write,
And be a Poet is be a Paraſite.

But

Sir Francis Drake.

But you (ſweete ſoules) the *Graces* trinarie,
Straine up your tunes with notes angelicall;
From heavens faire houſe (ô Fames Trium-viri)
Fetch *Orpheus* harpe with ſtrings harmonicall;
And muſicke from the Spheares melodicall;
And with ſweete quires of Swans, and Nightingals,
Sing dolefull ditties at DRAKES funerals.

My Muſe all mantled in death's livorie gowne
Shall mourne before his hearſe in ſad araie,
With ſable Cypariſſus hanging downe
Her mornefull breſt, whoſe boughes ſhall fan awaie
Titans bright beames, bedarkning all the daie:
And while with teares you ſit melodying,
Shee ſhall weepe with you, though ſhee cannot ſing.

Even as the Larke, when winters waſt drawes neere,
Mounteth her baſinetted head on high,
And through the aire doth tune her trebles cleere
Quav'ring full quaintlie forth her Tireli,
Beyond the ken of any piercing eie;
While as the Red-breſt on an humble thorne,
With weeping notes the ſummers loſt doth mourne.

Yee

Sir Francis Drake.

Yee that attend on *Cytherea*'s traine,
And feede her ſilver-feathered turtle-doves,
Which in their golden-wired cage remaine,
Whether at *Paphos* ſhrine or *Cnydus* groves;
Whoſe liver-laps do ſwell with full-vain'd loves,
While damoſell Ladies doe imparadize
Your thoughts within the *Eden* of their eies.

Whoſe Muſe is ſo inraviſh'd with the lookes
Which from your Miſtreſſe ivorie browes do fall,
As makes you fill the largeſt volum'd bookes
With ſoule-perſwaſive ſongs patheticall,
And minde-alluring ſpeech methodicall:
Taſking your pens to pen a womans praiſe,
And ſhee the actreſſe of your owne diſeaſe.

O let your Muſe make an Apoſtrophe
From *Venus* courts unto *Bellona*'s camps;
Give but a glance on DRAKE s high dignitie,
Impreſt with magnanimities true ſtampes:
And when your ſence is lightned with theſe lamps,
Solemnize to the world his funerals,
In all your ſonnets and your Madrigals.

Ceaſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Ceaſe (fondlings) henceforth to idolatrize
With *Venus*, your *Carpathean*-ſea-borne Queene;
And to heroique DRAKE do ſacrifice
Of expiation for your former ſinne,
Erect his ſtatue whereas hers hath beene; (hearſe;
Make DRAKE your Saint, and make the ſhrine, his
Your ſelves the Prieſts, the ſacrifice your verſe.

O you the quaint tragedians of our times,
Whoſe ſtatelie ſhanks embuskind by the Muſes,
Draw all the world to wonder at your rimes;
Whoſe ſad *Melpomene* robs *Euripides*,
And wins the palme and price from *Sophocles*:
While *Poe* and *Seine* are ſick to thinke upon!
How *Thames* doth ebbe and flowe pure *Helicon*.

Who at your pleaſures drawe, or elſe let downe
The floud-hatches of all ſpectators eies;
Whoſe ful-braind temples deck't with laurell crowne,
Ore worlds of harts with words do tirannize;
To whome all Theaters ſing Plaudities:
While you with golden chaines of wel-tun'd ſonges,
Linke all mens cares and teares unto your tongues.

Ceaſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Ceaſe to eternize in your marble verſe
The fals of fortune-toſſed Veneriſts;
And ſtraine your tragicke Muſes to rehearſe
The high exploites of *Iove*-borne Martialiſts,
Where ſmoakie gun-ſhot clouds the aire with miſts;
Where groves of ſpeares pitch'd ready for to fight,
Dampe up the element from Eagles flight.

What neede you ſummon from the ſilent hell
The ſoules of *Hector* and of *Priamus*,
And thouſand others that beneath us dwell,
Wafted long ſince through *Styx* to *Erebus*,
Or to th' *Elyſian Tempe* glorious?
Whoſe acts by auncients often have beene told,
And all love novels, few like that is old.

Loe heere a moderne ſubiect for your wits,
But loftier than anie heeretofore
Eternized by former Poets writs;
Whoſe worth their ſacred Muſes did adore,
And he ſcarſe entred yet th' *Elyſian* dore;
Whom dead, yet all mens thoughts alive doe make:
For who wold think that death could cõquere *Drake*?

Heere

Sir Francis Drake.

Heere Poets, ſpend your wits chiefe quinteſſence,
And bandie verſes with the God of verſe,
Imbalme him with your wits beſt influence,
All intellectual powres his praiſe rehearſe,
And with your poems bewtifie his hearſe:
Feare neither *Theons* tooth, nor Critique lookes,
DRAKES onlie name ſhall patronize your bookes.

Be DRAKES heroique deedes the argument,
His name the prologue of your tragedie,
The acts and ſcenes, his acts all excellent,
Himſelfe chiefe actor of *Spaines* miſery,
His launce the Scorpion-ſcourge of *Heſperie*;
Fettring with golden chaines their principates,
And leading captive *Spaines* chiefe potentates.

The Muſes hill ſhalbe the Theatre,
And all the world ſpectators of the ſhowes,
A quire of Angels ſhall the Chorus beare,
The maſſacre ſhalbe of *Englandes* foes,
And ſuch as thinke to worke *Eliza's* woes:
And when DRAKES death ends the Cataſtrophe,
Heaven ſhall clap handes, and give the Plaudite.

But

Sir Francis Drake.

But ah! our daies are ſtampt in envi's mint,
And this our age caſt in the yron mould,
Our hearts are hew'd out of *Caucaſean* flint,
And two-leav'd plates of braſſe our breaſts enfold;
Hate waxeth yong, the world thus waxing old:
And beſt wee like them that doe love us leaſt,
And leaſt we love them whome we ſhould like beſt.

Impietie of times, vertues cheefe hater,
The dying worlds twiſe-infant-waxen dotage,
Worth's cankar-worme, deſert's ingrate abater,
Hard yron-ages death-declining ſottage,
Foule ſerpent-eating envi's loathſome cottage:
Poyſon-tooth'd viper, impiouſly that bites
The wombe of thoſe who are her favorites.

Falſe touch-ſtone, not diſcerning gold from braſſe,
Falſe ſooth-ſayer, divining alway lies,
Falſe clocke, not telling how the day doth paſſe,
Falſe friend, forſaking in adverſities,
Falſe pilot, leading through extremities,
Falſe in election, falſe in amitie,
And only true in infidelitie.

Sir Francis Drake.

Such is the worlde, as one that dotes with yeares,
Loathinge things preſent, though of greater price,
Liking that which is paſt and not appeares,
And ſaies, the elder age was far more wiſe,
Of higher worth, and of more ſound adviſe:
All that it ſees, it think's not worth the ſight,
But what it wants, it craves with maine and might.

Bleare-eyed elde, not ſeeinge dark from day,
Blinde with affection, ignorant of truthe,
Vnwain'd from ſelfe-love, never at a ſtaye,
Leaning upon the crabbed ſtaffe of ruthe;
Vntoward to forecaſt for that enſueth,
Iniurious to thoſe that moſt befriend it,
Obſequious to thoſe that moſt offend it.

The auncient nobles are moſt noble deem'd,
And in Fames calender Saints regiſtred,
While preſent worthies vaſſals are eſteem'd,
Though worthier to be canonized
Than thoſe that are in Legendaries red:
Nor *Hercules*, nor *Mars* were Gods accounted,
Before they died, and unto heaven were mounted.

What

Sir Francis Drake.

What marvell then though ſome baſe humoriſts,
Foule whelps of fierce *Hyrcanean* tygars ſeedes,
Extenuate the worth of Iovialiſts,
And ſuch as merite heaven by famous deedes,
Returning baſe diſdaine for worthy meedes:
Oule-ſighted eies, that dazled are with light,
But ſee acutelie in the darkeſome night.

Some ſuch there are, (ô ſhame! too great a ſumme!)
Who would impeach the worth of worthy DRAKE,
With wrongfull obloquies ſiniſter doome,
And eagerly their ſerpent-tongues they ſhake,
And ſith they cannot ſting, a hiſſing make:
But he, who made all *Spaine* quake with his fame,
Shall quell ſuch muſh-rumps onlie with his name.

Monſters of nature, *Nile*-bred Crocodiles,
Sight-ſlaying Baſiliſks, poyſon-ſwolne toades,
Fame-fretting cankers, ſhames infectious biles,
Earth-gaping Chaſma's, that miſhap aboades,
Preſumpteous gyants, waging war with Gods:
Aire-putrifying *Harpyes* loathſome broode,
Echidna's offſpring, ſworne foes to the good.

Sir Francis Drake.

Theſe ſerpents mouths with tongues & teeth are filled,
With tongues they ſting, with teeth they fiercely bite;
By ſtinging, mindes; by biting, hearts are killed;
The mindes with griefe, the hearts with deadly ſpighte:
This ſpighte kils ioie, this griefe doth ſlay delight.
O what fierce hell begot this monſtrous kinde,
Whoſe toũg, whoſe teeth, kils, ſlaies, the hart, the mind?

Their breſt, the harbour of an envious hart;
Their heart, the ſtore-houſe of a pois'ned hate;
Their hate, the quiver holding ſlanders dart;
That dart they ſhoote at men of higheſt ſtate;
That ſtate, that ſoone is ſubiect to debate:
And that debate breeding diſſention,
Procures all common-wealth's deſtruction.

Their heades lay complots, ſtrife how to procure:
Their hands do practiſe what their heades deſire:
Their hearts approove what hands have put in ure:
Their mindes in miſchiefe with their harts conſpire:
Their ſoules conſent to that their mindes require:
Who will not ſaie they are ſpronge from the devill,
Whoſe heads, hands, harts, whoſe minds, whoſe ſoules
(are evill?

Sir Francis Drake.

Celeſtiall Goddeſſe, eviternall Fame
Minerva's daughter by faire *Maia*'s ſonne,
Of all th' inhabitants of heavens faire frame
Moſt highlie honord ſince the world begonne,
And ſhalbe, till the fatall Glaſſe be runne;
Soules ſweete receipt, the health's reſtorative,
Hearts cordiall, the mindes preſervative:

Goddeſſe of thoughts, Muſe-animating ſpirite,
Aulter of honour, temple of renowne,
Shrine of devotion yeelding art her merite,
Lifes richeſt treaſure, vertues gorgeous gowne,
Heavens beſt habilement, *Ariadne*'s crowne;
The *Cynoſura* of the pureſt thought,
Faire *Helice*, by whom the heart is taught:

Send honour downe (ô chiefe of Goddeſſes,)
Honour thy royall perſons meſſenger,
To raviſh DRAKE from earth's unworthines,
(As *Jupiter* once ſent his armour-bearer
To tranſport *Ganimed* from *Ida* thither:)
And as that boy was honoured of *Jove*,
So honour DRAKE, and let him be thy love.

Sir Francis Drake.

Daughter of time, ſincere Poſteritie,
Alwaie new borne, yet no man knowes thy birth,
The arbitreſſe of pure ſinceritie,
Yet changeable (like *Proteus*) on the earth,
Sometime in plentie, ſometime ioyn'd with dearth:
Alwaie to come, yet alwaie preſent heere,
Whom all runne after, none come ever neere:

Vnpartiall Iudge of all, ſave preſent ſtate,
Truth's Idioma of the things are paſt,
But ſtill purſuing preſent things with hate,
And more iniurious at the firſt than laſt,
Preſerving others, while thine owne doe waſt:
True treaſurer of all antiquitie,
Whom all deſire, yet never one could ſee:

Be thou religious to renowned DRAKE,
And place him in thy catalogue of ſaints;
In ſteede of *Neptune*, God of ſea him make,
Either to looſe, or binde the windes reſtraints;
Let ſea-men offer him their vowes and plaintes:
Envie lives with us, while our ſelves ſurvive,
But when we die, it is no more alive.

And

Sir Francis Drake.

And you, eternall *Joves* high progenie,
Whom at your birth the Gods, your parents, bleſt,
To conſecrate unto eternitie
In never-dying regiſters of reſt
Your ſelves, and others that deſerve it beſt;
To whom they ſeal'd this chartar at your birth,
Your ſouls ſhould live in heaven, your fames on earth:

Joves deereſt darlings, Gods beſt favorites,
Saints paragons, of pureſt earth refinde,
Scorn'd of the world, becauſe heavens chiefe delightes,
Inheritours of Paradiſe by kinde,
Which was to you before your birth aſſign'd:
The golden rings where honours iewels ſhines,
Whoſe ſun is Fame, heaven Zodiake, you the Signes:

Imbathe your Phœnix quils in Nectar ſtreames
Of milken ſhowrs, that *Juno*'s breaſts did raine,
Let DRAKES high excellence be all your theames,
Whereon to ſpend the chiefeſt of your braine,
His worth in honours pureſt dye engraine;
That after-ages maie him deifie
In holie heavens celeſtiall Hierarchie.

Sir Francis Drake.

GRINVIL, a name that made *Iberia* tremble,
Whom *Jove* would make the *Atlas* of the west,
(So well he did his *Hercules* resemble)
Had not a waightier charge his minde possest;
For having plac'd him in *Elysian* rest,
In heavens star-chamber held a Parliament,
And made him Prorex of his regiment.

Well hath his Poet royaliz'd his acts,
And curiouslie describ'd his tragedie;
Quaintlie he hath eternized his facts
In lasting registers of memorie,
Even coëternall with eternitie:
So that the world envies his happie state,
That he should live when it is ruinate.

Some fierie Muse with heavenly heate enflam'd,
Mount DRAKE likewise above the azur'd skie;
Be not the Eagle *Joves* thunder-bearer nam'd,
Let DRAKE possesse that glorious dignitie,
Or rather let himselfe the thund'rer bee,
And make the world his maiestie to wonder:
For who more fit then DRAKE to rule the thunder?

Hee

Sir Francis Drake.

Hee rul'd earth's thunder while he did ſurvive,
Which, when he liſt, could make great *Neptune* quake,
Angrie with *Jove* that anie man alive
Should terrifie, and make his kingdome ſhake;
But when he heard it was renowned DRAKE,
He gave to him his trident, and his mace,
As one more fit to rule that ſtormy place.

Spaine trembled at the thunder of his name,
And when thoſe Gyants proudlie did rebell,
No thunder-bolt had needed but his fame,
Their hawtie-minded forces for to quell,
And ſend them by whole Myriads unto hell;
That *Charon* curs'd their comming on ſo faſt,
And knew not how ſo many could be paſt.

The proud *Tarteſſian Caligula* feares,
And hides his doating head for very horrour,
If but DRAKE's name doe thunder in his eares;
And lies aſtoniſh'd with an uncouth terrour,
Exhaling forth his gaſping breath with dolour,
While DRAKE (our new *Alcides*) vanquiſhed
This *Spaniſh Hydra*'s ever-growing head.

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The *Pyrenean* cloudie-topped mountaines,
At his approach, with mists their faces vail'd,
The hills shed teares, and made encrease of fountaines,
Still fleeting downe the clifts, and never fail'd,
When through the Ocean waves his navie sail'd:
And if cleere waters in the fleete were scant,
He made his foe-mens teares supplye the want.

Oft did the sourges, plow'd vp by his ship,
Seeme to ore-whelme the *Cassiterides*;
While the *Cantabrian-Ocean* sea-nymphs skip,
Together with the faire *Nereïdes*,
And all the lovelie *Oceanitides*,
Dauncing about to have a sight of DRAKE,
Or of his ship a lovelie kisse to take.

As oft as neere the *Gades* both he sail'd,
And by *Cape-Sacers* sky-top'd promontory,
Their heades (like dappers) under waves they vail'd,
Th' *Herculean* maine it selfe seem'd to be sorry
Grieving it should such pondrous forces carrie;
For though it could beare him who bare the skye,
It could not DRAKE, for DRAKE was more thé he.

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The *Baleares* wiſht them-ſelves unknowne
Or ioyn'd in league unto the *Britiſh* maine,
Dreading they ſhould by DRAKE be overthrowne,
And raviſh'd from their neighbour-bordring *Spaine*,
Whoſe weakned powrs it ſelfe could not maintaine:
They wiſht ſome God would metamorphoſe them
To ſea-nymphs, that they might be ſafe from him.

Toledo's towres, and *Compoſtella*'s Saint
Kept not *Heſperia* ſecure from dreade;
The towres declind, the Saint with feare was faint,
Faint Saint, for feare that durſt not ſhew his heade,
Dreading leaſt greater dangers followed:
Alas! what could ſuch fearefull Saints prevaile,
Where ſuch great *Joves*, as DRAKE, meant to aſſaile?

Iberus river in *Cantabria*
Oft wiſht he had ſtill kept him under grounde;
His head-ſpring neere to *Juliobrica*
Thriſe hid himſelfe, and could no where be founde,
Thriſe overwhelming, all the land was drown'd,
For hearing that the conqu'ring DRAKE came by,
Poore coward river knew not where to flie.

What

Sir Francis Drake.

What profited th' *Herculean Calpe* now,
That *Titan* in the Occidentall line
Trav'ling unto th' *Antipodes* belowe,
Daynes to ſalute him with his radiant ſhine,
As to the other world he doth decline?
One meanes to diſpoſſeſſe him of his might,
Who diſpoſſeſſed *Titan* of his light.

Tagus, thy gold could not redeeme thy feare,
Nor all thy ſands thy griefe could countervaile;
DRAKE comes, and leades with him the Gods to war,
With victorie diſplaied on his ſayle:
What can thy gold and water now availe?
Thy precious water ſhall his thirſt alaie,
Thy gold ſhall ſerve to give his ſouldiers pay.

Spaine annuallie prepar'd a royall fleete,
To ſweepe the ſeas unto the *Indian* coaſt,
That comming home they might our Dragon meete,
And pay him tribute at their proper coſt;
England, thou had'ſt the gaine, and *Spaine* the loſt:
Had he ſurviv'd, *Tempe* had beene our land,
And *Thames* had ſtream'd with *Tagus* golden ſand.

Such

Sir Francis Drake.

Such as the *Hyperborean* Dragon, was,
That bare th' inchaunting daughter of the ſunne
On ſcaled creſt of triple-plated braſſe,
When through *Campania's* coaſt he us'd to runne,
And ceas'd not ranging till his courſe were done;
But with irrefragable force and might
Made obſtant lets give waie unto his flight.

Such was our Dragon when he liſt to ſoare
And circuit *Amphitrite's* watrie bowre:
The rampant lyon, and the tuſked boare,
The ravenous tigar borne ſtill to devoure,
To barre him paſſage never had the powre:
Whole heards and hoaſts could never make him ſtay,
His onlie ſight ſuffic'd to make him way.

Forth of his noſtrils burning flakes of fire
(As from an ovens gaping mouth) did flame,
Wherewith he waſted in his raging ire
All that oppos'd themſelves againſt the ſame;
All the ſea-monſters trembled at his name:
And when it pleas'd him progreſſe through the ſea,
His fame was herauld to proclaime him way.

Sir Francis Drake.

O what an heavenly sight it were to view,
And with the eie survey him on the maine,
Incountring with a prowd *Tarteſſian* crew,
The choyſeſt Martialists of war-like *Spaine*,
And swarthy *Moores*, and *Indian* slaviſh traine,
Mantling all *Tethys* with their Argoſ-cies
With high-topt masts included in the skies.

Their gallies fraughted full with men of war,
Whoſe oares plow'd furrowes in the swelling waves
Than towred whales, or dolphins, larger far,
Of siſe sufficient to be gyants graves,
Row'd with an hundred *Indian* captive slaves;
Made glaucie *Nereus* groane, and seeme to shrinke,
Who often wisht to see their navie sinke.

Sea-castles, which they Galeazos nam'd,
Garded (like bul-warks) all the mightie fleete,
Whoſe masts of seaven conioyned oakes were fram'd
By skilfull architecture made to meete,
Whoſe tops might seeme the element to greete:
Hoyſed aloft their sailes diſplay'd on high,
As though they ment to vaile the shining skie.

Who

Sir Francis Drake.

Who ſo beholding from the bordring ſhoare,
Had view'd their navie floating on the maine,
Would ſweare they were no ſhips, that *Neptune* bore,
But woods of cedars growing on a plaine,
Whoſe tops above the region of the raine,
Were damp'd with circumfuſed clouds from ſight,
Which no tranſpiercinge eye could ken aright.

Neptune encircled in his watry armes
His ſilver-ſhining darling *Albion*,
And in his boſome ſhielded her from harmes,
That might endanger his chiefe paragon,
Fearing of nothing ſave his louelie one:
And like as *Perſeus* kept *Andromeda*,
So kept he her from monſters of the ſea.

Now had our Dragon rouſ'd him from his cave,
Againſt his foe-men bending forth his flight:
All the ſea-ſourges paſſage to him gave,
Vntill he had his enemies in ſight,
Gainſt whome he bended all his force and might:
And in approch the adverſarie deem'd
That all heavens hoaſt to march againſt them ſeem'd.

Whoſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Who ſo had ever ſeene in *Arcadye*
The *Molorchean* Lion, through the feilde
Whole heards of beaſts purſuing eagerlie,
That none eſcape but ſuch as meeklye yeld,
Vntill deſire of praie be largely fild:
He might have iudged how our Dragon rag'd,
Till full reveng his thirſt had quite aſſwag'd.

On ſome he breath'd a fatall-burning fire,
That blew them up in aſhes to the ſkye:
Others agaſt, dreadinge his wrathfull ire,
Duck'd downe their fearefull heades immediatlie
Vnder the waves to ſave themſelves thereby:
So that their fleete invincible by fame,
Chriſtninge anew he gave an other name.

As on *Vliſſes Circe* did beſtowe
A blather, where the windes imboweld were,
That at his pleaſure he might let them blowe,
Or keepe them in when danger did appeare:
So DRAKE about him ſtill the windes did beare:
And if miſſortune forc'd ſome ſhips to fall
Jove into ſea-nimphs did tranſforme them all.

Fates

Sir Francis Drake.

If fates had fram'd him in the Gyants age,
When *Terra's* highe difcent made heaven to tremble,
And *Titans* broode againſt the Gods did rage,
Whoſe trumpets (that did thunders noyſe reſemble)
Whole myriads of monſters did aſſemble;
Whoſe coale-black enſignes in the ſky diſplayed,
Out-bearded *Jove*, and made the Gods diſmayed.

When *Phlægra's* feilds and proud *Pellene's* coaſt
Swarmed with troupes of gaſtlie Gyants bands;
Where ſturdie *Typhon* generall of the hoaſt,
Summon'd his kinſmen with the hundred hands
To come and fight with *Jupiter* for lands,
Vnder the conducte of great *Briareus*,
With *Gyas*, *Cæus*, and *Hatcyoneus*.

Their pondrous waight did make their mother grone,
Dreading ſhe ſhould be proſſed downe to hell:
Their father *Titan* ſeemd him ſelfe to mone,
As oft as from their mouths and noſtrels fell
(Broade, like *Abyſſus* gulfe where divels doe dwell)
Forth iſſued mightie clouds of miſtye ſmoake,
Whoſe duſkie fogs his fierie beames did choake.

Ossa they preſſed downe with *Pelions* waight,
And on them both impoſ'd *Olympus* hill;
Vpon whoſe crooked top (by ſtrength made ſtraite)
Black pitch'd pavilions all the ſpace did ſpill,
The which before the ſubtile ayre did fill:
Which beinge exiled from his proper place,
Wandred, and could not finde a vacant ſpace.

Porphyrio, *Crius*, and *Enceladus*,
With *Ephialtes*, and *Polybotes*,
Pallas, *Lapetus*, *Clytius*, *Enritus*,
Gration, *Agrius*, and *Argyropes*,
With millians moe as big and large as theſe;
Followed the colours of *Typhoeus* bands,
Swearing to batter heaven with their hands.

They wore no harneſſe to defend their breſt,
But marched naked gainſt their foe-mens face;
They thought their ſkin was armour of the beſt,
To ſhield them woundleſſe in the eager chaſe:
Such was the proofe thereof in everie place,
As ſcarce a thunder-bolt could enter in
But was rebated with the verye ſkin.

Typhon

Sir Francis Drake.

Typhon, whoſe ribs reſembled cedar trees,
A quiver full of mountaines by his ſide
In-ſteede of darts did bèare, and at his knees
Two dragons heads in knotted ioyntes were ti'd,
Which in their mouths two fierie tongues did hide:
Againſt whoſe ſting no plaiſter could prevaile,
Nor *Moly*, nor *Dictamnum* once could heale.

In ſteede of trumpet, *Briareus* did roare,
And ſtraind his high-reſounding voice aloude;
Whoſe ougly note a baſe ſo gaſtly bore,
As when amid the aire ſome uncouth cloude
Meetes with an other, and together croude
With ſuch a deadlie-ſounding fearefull voice,
As heaven and earth doe tremble at the noiſe.

Heaven hid his heade, and ſeem'd to flye for feare,
The daſtard Gods betooke themſelves to flight,
And vnto *Ægypt* forth-with made repaire,
Not daring to encounter them by might,
But truſting more to flight than vnto fight:
Neere unto *Nilus* (hoping ſo to ſcape)
Each one of them reſum'd a divers ſhape.

Sir Francis Drake.

Iove (like a ram) did weare both hornes & wooll,
(A livorie which of late he gave to manye)
Hence *Ammon* yet doth beare a horned ſcull:
Juno became a cow unknowen to anye,
To ſave her from the Gyants tirany:
Men to themſelves their wives enioyned now,
While he did playe the ſheepe, and ſhe the cow.

Swift-footed *Mercurye* his talars chaunged
Into the ſerpent-flayeinge *Ibis* winge:
Venus (turn'd to a fiſh) the ſeaes now raunged,
Suppoſing that, which firſt her life did bringe,
Should ſave her life againe from periſhing:
Phœbe did play the cat, *Phœbus* the crowe,
Bacchus diſguiſed like a goate did goe.

O had victorious DRAKE among them then
In heaven (as now he is) beene deifi'd,
They needed not have dreaded mortall men,
Nor for a world of Gyants have deni'd,
Their God-heads, and, like cowards, in caves abide.
DRAKE ſhold have pierc'd thē with his burning darts,
Though all their thunder could not wound their harts.

Not

Sir Francis Drake.

Not to a fearefull ramme, or feeble cow,
But to a dragon DRAKE himſelfe ſhould turne;
From whoſe fierce noſtrils flakes of fire ſhould flow,
That in a moment all their tents ſhould burne,
And headlong from their mountaines overturne
Their big-bon'd carcaſſes to *Orcus* evils,
And bid them there wage battaile with the devils.

O where is now that cunning *Tarentine*
Archytas, far renowned for his skill,
That could Arts pureſt quinteſſence refine,
And in faire Practiques limbecke at his will
The pureſt iuyce of Theoriques flowrs diſtill;
And by proportion Geometrical,
Make wodden doves to flie, and not to fall?

Where is that cunning man of *Syracuſe*,
The firſt inventour of our Globes and Spheares,
So deepelie skild in Mathematiques uſe,
As that whole armies onlie one man feares,
Whoſe skilfull ſtratagems their might impaires;
And what a thouſand could not doe by fight,
One could atchive by arts celeſtiall might?

Sir Francis Drake.

Such as were they, ſuch was our worthy DRAKE,
Whoſe head a ſtore-houſe was of pollicies,
That (like his valour) forc'd his foes to quake,
Making their hulkes to caper in the skies,
And quaver in the aire their Argoſ-eies:
So by a proper ſleight he knew full well,
To ſend their ſhips to heaven, their ſoules to hell.

Sometime, when number vertue did ſurpriſe,
(As vertue ſometime is ſurpris'd by number)
His pollicie could ſoone a waie deviſe,
To flie their forces that might bring him under;
And how he could eſcape, it made them wonder:
For of their *Indian* gold he made him wings,
And (like a Phœnix) ſafelie from them flings.

Thinke howe the Eagle, armourer to *Jove*,
Eſpying *Ganimede* on *Ida*'s plaines,
Intended to convey him to his love;
Which being noted by the *Phrygian* traines,
And other ſturdie rutters, *Troian* ſwaines:
They flocke togither with confuſed cries,
To reſcue from the bird his lovelie prize:

An

Sir Francis Drake.

An hundred yron-pointed darts they fling,
An hundred ſtones flie whiſtling by his eares,
An hundred deadlie-dinted ſtaves they bring,
Yet neither darts, nor ſtones, nor ſtaves he feares;
But through the aire his plumed creſt he reares:
And in deriſion ſafelie ſcapes awaie,
Preſenting unto *Jove* his long-lov'd praie.

So DRAKE (divine ELISA's champion)
Ceazing upon a praie of *Indian* gold,
Meaning to ſhip it home to *Albion*,
Ballaſts his barke with treaſures manifold;
Which when the griev'd *Iberians* doe behold,
They ſwarme in troupes to take his prize awaie,
And to diſrob him of his gained praie:

A thouſand hel-mouth'd canons deadly ſhot,
A thouſand ratling muskets hayle-ſtones flie,
Yet thouſand deadlie canons hurt him not,
Nor thouſand ratling muskets reckneth he,
But ſtill rebeates them all as eagerlie;
And, maugre all their beards, brings home the ſpoile,
Ritching ELISA, and ELISA's ſoile.

Sir Francis Drake.

Thoſe peereles Peeres, that through the world have ſpred
Their predeceſſours vertues, and their owne,
And both with honour have enobeled;
Who to nobilities chiefe point are growne,
The ſage attendants on ELISA's crowne;
Deſir'd to venture on the foe with DRAKE,
And with his fortunes good or ill partake.

When forth they march'd againſt their eager foe,
HOPE, and REVENGE did beare them out to war;
Garded with NON-PERILLE did they goe,
While BONADVĒTVRE ſtill their enſigne bare,
And cowardiſe by DREAD-NOVGHT bandon'd far:
SWIFT-SVRE their race, though ſwift, yet alway ſure;
And good FORE-SIGHT to HOPE-WEL did allure.

Watchfull ADVISE did march in equipage
Togither with her ſiſter PROVIDENCE;
RELIEFE with AYDE, and AYDE with high Courage,
Courage was guided with Experience,
And both did guide and garde their high pretence:
Where all ſuch worthie vertues captaines were,
What coward would not be a conquerer?

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The ſouldiers followed eager for the fight,
Knowne to the foe by face, not by the backe,
Skilfull in fight, but ignorant in flight,
Swift in aſſault, but in retiring ſlacke;
Never returning but with foe-mens wracke:
Who would not be a ſouldier in that band,
Which, ere it fought, held VICTORIE in hand?

Art-ramed TYGARS made waie with their pawes,
The VNICORN's ſharpe horne the foe did goare,
The ravenous BEARE with blood imbru'd his iawes,
The LYONS with their tailes did hurt them ſoare,
And cut them ſhort for comming once a ſhoare:
And he that went out WHITE againſt his foe,
Returnes home RED, for blood imbrued him ſo.

A ſilver GRAYHOVND led a GOLDEN-HINDE,
Now reconciled to his utter foe:
A ROE-BVCKE that did beare a lions minde,
Togither with DIANA ſtill did goe,
And dreaded not her darts and murth'ring bowe:
The PHOENIX in his fleete her neſt did make,
And HERCVLES himſelfe attended DRAKE.

GODS-

Sir Francis Drake.

GODS-GIFT he had, and God his gift did SPEEDE,
No misadventure cros'd, where God did guide,
Where GOD did SAVE, none other salve did neede,
He sped the iournie, he did give the tide,
He sav'd the fleete from foes insulting pride:
How could the enterprise ill issue have,
Where GOD himselfe did guide, did Speed, did Save?

FORTVNE her selfe was present in the fleete,
But stoode not on her fickle-rowling wheele;
Constant stabilitie ballasted her feete,
And being constant knew not how to reele,
But rul'd the rudder and direct'd the keele:
How could mischance unto that ship betide,
Where FORTVNE was the pilot, and the guide?

Garded with these associats royall traine,
Forth marched valiant DRAKE to martiall armes,
And makes an earth-quake through the coasts of *Spaine*,
When as his thundring drumme resoundes alarmes,
And roaring trumpets vollie forth their harmes:
HOPE and REVENGE to warre conducted DRAKE,
And VICTORIE & TRIVMPH brought him backe.

Such

Sir Francis Drake.

Such were magnanimous DRAKEs accomplices
Not of the vulgar, baſe, inglorious ſort,
But ſuch did follow warres as rul'd in peace,
Whoſe very names their fortunes did import:
Such rare adherents did to DRAKE reſort,
As he that but their ominous names once heard,
Did either vanquiſht yeeld, or flie affeard.

Neither in wars his worth was only knowne,
(Although his worth was chiefliе knowne in warres)
But all as well at home in peace was ſhowne,
In moderating publique wealth's affaires,
As quieting his foes tumultuous iars:
And as the Lawrell crown'd him conquerour,
So did the Olive ſhew him counſelour.

Like as abroade with unreſiſted armes
He tam'd his foes prowde inſultations;
Even ſo at home with lenitie he charmes
His iarring friendes diſcordant paſſions,
Reſcu'ing the poore from prowd vexations:
So all his life he made a warfare longe,
Abroade gainſt enimies, at home gainſt wronge.

In

Sir Francis Drake.

In warre he ſtrove (and ſtriving ſtil did gaine)
To vanquiſh all with never-daunted might:
In peace he ſought (and ſeeking did obtaine)
All to excell in equity and right:
A iuſticer in peace, in warre a knight:
Though hard it were for him that might take eaſe,
Scipio to be in war, *Cato* in peace.

The mighty ſonne of more than mightie *Iove*,
Heaven-bearing *Hercules*, moſt famoſed
For twelve atchivements, and diſaſter love
Of *Deianira* being captived,
After ſo many monſters vanquiſhed,
Having ſubdu'd all monſters ſaving one,
(Woman) ordain'd to maſter him alone.

Heaven-honor'd Poets in eternall verſe,
Among his many brave atchivements done,
As not the laſt, nor leaſt acte do rehearſe
His faire fame (though by filthy ſervice wonne)
Making th' *Augæan* Oxe-ſtall ſhine as ſunne;
(Which more then thirty yeares vncleanſ'd had bin)
By forcing of *Alpheus* river in.

Equall

Sir Francis Drake.

Equall with *Hercules* in al, ſave vice,
DRAKE of his country hath deſerved grace,
Who by his induſtrie and quaint deviſe
Enforc'd a river leave his former place,
Teaching his ſtreames to runne an uncouth race:
How could a ſimple current him withſtand,
Who all the mightie Ocean did command?

Now *Plymmouth* (great in nothing, ſave renowne,
And therein greater far, becauſe of DRAKE)
Seemes to diſdaine the title of a towne,
And lookes that men for cittie ſhould her take;
So prowd her patrons favour doth her make:
As thoſe, whom princes patronage extold,
Forget themſelves, and what they were of old.

Her now-bright face, once loathſomly defilde,
He purg'd and clenſed with a wholeſome river:
Her, whom her ſiſter-citties late revilde,
Vp-brayding her with her unſavory ſavor,
DRAKE of this opproby doth now deliver:
That if all Poets pens conceald his name,
The waters glide ſhould ſtill record the ſame.

Now

Sir Francis Drake.

Now Fame, the Queene of immortalitie,
Summons my Muſe from home-atchieved praiſe,
(Abandoning all partialitie,
A fatall ſinne to Poets now adaies)
Her leaden-winged creſt aloft to raiſe,
And ſoare, in famous DRAKES memoriall,
About the compaſſe of this earthly ball.

Honour enmoves her to attempt the flight,
And wave her feathers (unneath taught to flie)
But faint deſpaire doth urge her feeble might
(That durſt not yet her home-bred neſt out-prie)
About the world to ſoare audacioufly:
Honour replies, that if ſhee chance to faile,
The brave attempt the ſhame ſhall countervaile.

Bound on an high adventure ſhee intends
To tell the world that all the world can tell,
How all the triple earth's unbounded ends,
And landes where no inhabitants do dwell,
Where darke obſcuritie ſtill keepes his cell,
Whereas the ſunne dares ſcarce appearance make,
Have heard, and ſeene the fame of famous DRAKE.

Whoſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Whoſe heaven-affecting thoughts could not remaine
Confin'd within the confines of the earth,
But ſtill contended higher to attaine,
Since that the ſtars portended at his birth,
His praiſes plentie neu'r ſhould feele a dearth,
But growe to that high exaltation
Of all the worlds peregrination.

A GOLDEN-HYNDE, led by his art and might,
Bare him about the earth's ſea-walled round,
With un-reſiſted Roe-out-running flight,
While Fame (the harbinger) a trumpe did ſound,
That heaven and earth with echo's did abound;
Echo's of DRAKE s high praiſe, praiſe of his name,
Name royalis'd by worth, worth rais'd by fame.

Heart-ſtealing *Homer*, marrow of the Muſes,
Chiefe grace of *Greece*, beſt pearle of poetrie,
Drowner of ſoules with arts ore-whelming ſluces,
Embelliſhed with *Phœbes* lunary,
Deck't with the *Graces* rich-embroyderie,
Sweete hony-ſuckle, whence all Poets ſp'rites,
Sucke the ſweete honie of divine delightes:

Ceaſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Ceaſe to ſolemnize *Anticleas* ſon,
That famous *Ithacenſian* roavers praiſe,
(Who greate *Achilles* armes from *Aiax* won)
His hard adventures, and his weary waies,
His wandring pilgrimages through the ſeas:
His dangerous travels, and his ten yeeres toyles,
Diſcovering new-found lands, and vncoth ſoyles.

Firſt, how he bare himſelfe ten yeeres at *Troie*,
And ſlew by ſkill the two *Dardanian* ſpyes;
How from his foes he raviſhed with ioy
Their tall *Palladium* by quaint pollicies,
(Where *Priams* hart, and hope, and helpe relyes:)
Then, how he ſpent ten other yeeres at ſea,
Before to *Ithaca* he found the waie.

Raſe forth his name out of the *Odyſſes*,
Be hee no more the ſubiect of thy verſe;
But let thy Muſe record DRAKES worthines,
And in *Vlyſſes* lieu his fame rehearſe,
That far beyond *Vlyſſes* fame did pearſe:
Searching the confines of this earthy round,
And provinces, that earſt were never found.

Tell

Sir Francis Drake.

Tell how he bare the round world in a ſhip,
A ſhip, which round about the world he bare,
Whoſe ſaile did winged Eurus flight out-ſtrip,
Scorning tempeſtuous Boreas ſtormy dare,
Diſcrying uncouth coaſts, and countries rare:
And people, which no eie had ever ſeene,
Save Daies faire goldē Eie, & Nights bright Queene.

Tell how he hath eſcaped warilie
Loud-barking *Sylla*'s ever-howling dogs,
And ſeal'd his eares, and lips up charilie
Gaynſt *Syrens* ſongs, and *Circes* poiſned drugs,
That metamorphoſe men to uglie hogs:
Nor *Syrens* ſongs, nor *Circes* drugs he feares,
Vertue had lock'd his lips, art ſeal'd his eares.

Tell how he paſs'd *Charybdis* whirle-poole waves,
Whereas two mightie roaring chanels meete,
To ſwallow ſhips, and make their wombe their graves,
And cauſe their high-top't maſts the gravell greete;
Tell how *Caphareus* could not hurt his fleete:
Neither the ſtraights, nor quick-ſands him amated,
Nor waves, nor windes his valour once abated.

Sir Francis Drake.

Homer tell how; but ah, how canſt thou tell
Homer, how DRAKE to purchaſe glorye wonted,
Since that ſweete ſp'rite that in thy ſoule did dwell,
And that ſweete ſoule, ſweete above all ſoules counted,
Longe ſince to ſoules ſweete paradiſe is mounted;
Wher thou with DRAKE to ſaints doſt ſing DRAKES praiſe,
Heere we bewaile his loſſe, our deepe diſeaſe.

O thou ſo high renowned for thy art,
In memorizinge baſe atchivements don
By one that bare a fearefull hares faint hart,
While ſubtle foxes heade his credit won;
O had thy Muſe once ſhin'd with DRAKES bright ſun,
Or had thy golden verſe his praiſe recounted,
Homer himſelfe had *Homer* far ſurmounted.

Thy glorie, DRAKE would more have glorified,
His travell eaſed thee, that eaſed it,
In him thy ſelfe thou hadſt hiſtorified,
His fame would raiſe thy Muſe, that raiſed it,
His name would praiſe thy verſe, that praiſed it,
That after-ages ſhould a queſtion make,
Wheth'r DRAKE grac'd *Homer* more, or *Homer* DRAKE.

Marke

Sir Francis Drake.

Marke how a civet-ſmellinge damaſke roſe,
In laurel-leaved garland quaintlie placed,
Yel is bewtie to the baie, where beſt it ſhoes,
And nether by the other is defaced,
But graceth thar wherewith it ſelfe is graced:
So each the other ſhould more famous make,
DRAKE *Homer* ſhould adorne, and *Homer* DRAKE.

The fierie-ſparkling precious Chryſolite,
Spangled with gold, doth moſt tranſplendent ſhine:
The pearle grac'd by the ring, the ring by it,
The one the others bewtie doth refine,
And both together bewties both combine,
The iewell decks the golden haire that weares it,
Honour decks learning that with honour rears it.

Valour, and art are both the ſonnes of *Jove*,
Both brethren by the father, not the mother,
Both peeres without compare, both like in love,
But art doth ſeeme to be the elder brother,
Becauſe he firſt gave life unto the other:
Who afterward gave life to him againe,
Thus each by other doth his life retaine.

Sir Francis Drake.

Art is nobilities true regiſter,
Nobilitie arts champion ſtill is ſayde;
Learning is fortitudes right calender,
And fortitude is learnings Saint & ayde:
Thus if the ballances twixt both be way'd,
Honour ſhields learning from all iniurie,
And learning honour from blacke infamy.

Why ſhould *Vlyſſes* be oppoſ'd to DRAKE?
DRAKE, that *Vlyſſes* worth exceld ſo farre,
As *Hyperion*'s golden chariots ſlacke
Surmounts his ſilver ſiſters two-wheel'd carre;
Or as her planet doth the ſmalleſt ſtarre:
DRAKE did *Vlyſſes* worth exceede ſo farre,
As ſun exceedes the moone, the moone each ſtarre.

Vlyſſes was conſtrain'd to go to *Troye*,
DRAKE unconſtrain'd, except conſtrain'd by fame:
Vlyſſes fayning fury fayne would ſtaye,
A heavenly fury DRAKES minde did inflame,
To purchaſe glory to *Elyſa*'s name:
He mad among his friends, milde with his foes;
But DRAKE was mild to them, and mad with thoſe.

Both

Sir Francis Drake.

Both left their ladyes, fayre, & chaſt: (a wonder:)
O who could leave a ladye chaſt and fayre!
But fortune for a while their loves did ſunder;
That ſundred love could never love impayre:
Vlyſſes left a ladie with an heyre:
DRAKE left a ladie bounteous, fayre, and wiſe,
For whoſe ſweete love the Gods would leave the ſkies.

Vlyſſes did the innocent betraye,
And in extreames forſooke his aged frinde;
No ſuch defaults did ever DRAKE bewraye:
This difference betweene them both I finde,
Wherein greate DRAKE *Vlyſſes* came behinde;
Vlyſſes Homer had to pen his ſtorie,
DRAKE hath no *Homer* to emblaze his glorie.

Envie her ſelfe is forc'd to ſay the truth,
(And yet the truth doth envie ſeldome ſay)
Since *Brute* train'd hither firſt the *Troian* youth,
(If ever *Brute* train'd hither youth of *Troye*)
The ſmall remaynder of the *Greekes* deſtroye,
Noblye diſcended from a vertuous line:
Noble diſcents make vertue more divine.

Sir Francis Drake.

How ſtill the ſilver rockes of *Albion*,
Lightned tranſlucent luſtre from the ſhoare,
(Like to the carbuncles that ſhine upon
The faire ſunnes golden pallace ivorie dore)
Whoſe radiant ſplendour, and whoſe beauties lore,
Vpon the world's extreameſt wals reflect,
Dazling the eies that gaze on ſuch aſpect.

How that their loftie mindes could not be bounded
Within the cancels, that the world doe bound;
How that the deepeſt ſeas they ſearch'd, and ſounded,
Beyonde all landes that ever have beene found,
Making the farmoſt ſeas our praiſe reſounde:
And nations, which not Fame her ſelfe had ſeene,
To carrol *Englands* fame, and fames rare Queene.

How they have travers'd ſundrie forraine lands,
Lands, all inviron'd with the ſwelling ſeas,
Seas, ignorant of endes, devoide of bands,
Bands, that might yeelde ſome harbour to their eaſe,
Eaſe, to refreſh them in their wearie waies:
Lands, bands, ſeas, waies their mindes amated not,
By lands, bands, ſeas, and waies they honour got.

Vnto

Sir Francis Drake.

Vnto the confines of *Assyria*
Honour led princely EDWARD, (HENRIES sonne,
The third that did the *English* sceptre sway)
Whose brave atchievements both in *Acra* donne,
And *Galile*, when *Nazareth* was wonne,
Inroles in ancient recordes of renowne,
The tributorie fame to *Englands* crowne.

Rich hart of Lyon, RICHARD *Lyon-hart*,
Twise match'd by name, but never in renowne:
Two more in RICHARDS title bare a part,
But none save hee (that wore the *English* crowne)
The name of *Lyon-hart* claim'd as his owne:
His hart was richest, that a lyons was,
Save her rich hart, whose hart all harts doth passe.

Tancred can tell, and all *Sicilia*,
But most *Messana* his great victories,
The coastes of *Palestine* and *Syria*,
And *Cyprus* captivated Emprour's eies,
Sawe him attir'd in triumphs iollities:
And on the Pagans, in defence of *Syon*,
His launce bare witnes, that he was a Lyon.

Sir Francis Drake.

Clio her ſelfe (I feare) would be offended,
And whip me downe with laurell from her mount,
If WILLIAM *Peregrine* be not commended,
If I ſhould not that pilgrims praiſe recount
In verſe, who did in verſe ſo far ſurmount:
Since thou wert that I am not, but would bee,
How can I not (ſweete Poet) write of thee?

Brave LONG-SWORD in the coaſtes of *Aſia*,
Diſplai'd the enſigne of the *Engliſh* fame;
And neere *Nile*-bord'ring *Alexandria*,
Engrav'd with ſteeled ſword faire *Albions* name
In characters, which valours art did frame;
Where gainſt the *Saracens* (who *Chriſt* defied)
He boldly dying fought, and fighting died.

Renowned MADOCKE, Princes ſonne of *Wales*,
Brave *Cambro-britton* uncontrol'd by might,
Blowne by ſucceſſfull fortunes proſperous gales,
In diſcontentment (moſt victorious knight)
Left his rich Princedome, left to him by right,
Betweene his brethren in diſſention:
A crowne-twixt brethren breedes contention.

Before

Sir Francis Drake.

Before COLVMBVS ere ſet foote in *Inde*,
He did diſcover *Nov' Hiſpania*;
Before VESPVCIVS liv'd, did MADOCKE finde
The world, cald after him *America*;
He ſaw the famous *Terra Florida*:
Little regarding all their gaine and ſtore,
Honour he gain'd, and MADOCKE ſought no more.

What coaſt or countrie knowes not MANDEVIL,
His pilgrimage of three and thirtie yeeres,
A vowed votarie to honour ſtill,
Vnequaliz'd by valours chiefeſt peeres?
Whoſe travels legend whoſoever heares,
May doubt (if men for merites ſainted bee)
Which ſhould be *Albons* ſaint, ALBANE or hee.

Couragious CABOT, brave *Venetian* borne,
Foſtred with honour-breathing *Engliſh* aire,
Victorious HENRIES name the more t'adorne,
And to emblazon *Troynovant* the faire,
Vnto the farmoſt climates made repaire;
And by the Southern and Septentrion,
Meaſur'd the fame of famous *Albion*.

Lightleſſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Light-leſſe and name-leſſe *Prima-viſta* laie,
Till from his eies it borrowed name and light:
Flora did never *Florida* aray,
Roſes, nor lillyes ſhew'd their ſhining ſp'rite,
Till it was ros'd and lilied with his ſight:
Thriſe happy ſight that verdant ſpring compoſes,
By ſtrewing lands with lillyes, and with roſes.

By *Labradars* high Promontorie Cape,
Beyond the Iles of *Cuba*, CABOT ſayl'd,
Diſcovering *Baccalaos* uncouth ſhape;
The mightie *Silver-river* not conceal'd,
His tributorie ſandes to him reveal'd;
Nor ſdained it to be a tributour,
Vnto the Oceans mightie Emperour.

Honour of *England*, brave SEBASTIAN,
Mirrour of *Britan* magnanimitie,
Although by birth a right *Venetian*,
Yet for thy valour, art, and conſtancie,
Due unto *England* from thy infancie:
Venice, thou claim'dſt his birth, *England* his art,
Now iudge thy ſelfe which hath the better part.

WYN-

Sir Francis Drake.

WYNDAM, although thy raſh temeritie,
Haſtning for endleſſe gaine, gain'd haſtned end;
And though improvident celeritie,
Too ſoone accelerated death did ſend:
Yet ſince ſo far thy valour did extend,
And death for raſhnes made full ſatiſfaction,
Why ſhould not fame advance thy valorous action?

When valours fire enflam'd young *Iſadas*,
Raſhlie to venture battaile unregarded;
His raſhnes by a mulct corrected was,
But with a crowne his valour was rewarded,
Becauſe his proweſſe had the *Spartans* guarded:
For if by raſhneſſe valour have got honour,
We blame the raſhnes, but rewarde the valour.

Then WYNDAM, though thy high-reſolved thought,
A hare-brain'd hardiment had ill prevented;
Yet ſince ſo deere thou haſt this raſhnes bought,
Which at the fatall rate of death was rented,
Let envie with miſfortune be contented:
Had'ſt thou *Vlyſſes* head to *Hectors* hart,
The world a braver peere could not impart.

With

Sir Francis Drake.

With like misfortune (though unlike advise)
Did fame-enobled WILLOVGHBY intend
A famous actions hapleſſe enterprise;
Arzina ſaw his lamentable end,
Which her eternal-winters froſt did ſend:
Though freezing cold benum'd his vitall flame,
Heate ſhall not hurt, nor cold conſume his Fame.

Fortune not alwaie good, nor alwaie ill,
Willing to ſhew her mercie with her powre,
Feaſted on others falles (as ſeem'd) her fill,
Smil'd with a mild aſpect on CHAVNCELOVR,
Making herſelfe his dailie oratour:
Heereby (quoth ſhee) the world ſhall know my powrs,
How Fortune ſometime laughes, as well as lowres.

Forth-with for him a barke her ſelfe ſhee fram'd,
Inchaunting it with an almightie charme;
Which ſhee the bliſ-full *Bon-adventure* nam'd,
Which winde, nor wave, nor heat, nor cold could harme,
While her omnipotence the ſame did arme,
Guiding it ſafelie to *Moſcovia*,
Safelie reducing it from *Ruſſia*.

Bold

Sir Francis Drake.

Bold with ſucceſſe, and prowd on fortunes favour,
Againe his loftie ſailes he doth advaunce,
Allur'd by ſilvers ſoule-attractive ſavour:
But fortune (like the moone in change and chaunce,
That never twiſe doth ſhew like countenaunce)
At *Petitiſlego* drench'd him in the ſeaes:
Thus moſt ſhe hurts, when moſt ſhe ſeemes to pleaſe.

O tempt not Fortune, ſhee will not be tempted,
Her thunder followes, when her lightning's donne;
Her dangers are fore-ſeene, but not prevented;
When ſhee doth frowne, thinke ſhee will ſmile anone;
And when ſhee ſmiles, thinke not her frownes are gone:
What doth her laughter but her lowr's importune?
Miſfortune followes him that tempteth fortune.

Aske the *Wingandicoa* ſavages
They can relate of GRINVILE, and his deedes;
The Iles of *Flores*, and *Azores*, theſe
Extol his valour and victorious meedes;
While *Spaines* grip't hart freſh ſtreams of anguiſh bleeds:
His worth withall the world his praiſe made even,
But he ſcorn'd earth, and therefore went to heaven.

What

Sir Francis Drake.

What time out-sliding thought so far could flie,
As did heroique CAVENDISH drive his sailes?
The great *Magores* kingdome did he see,
Where freezing Boreas rings his northern peales,
Gainst whose benumming blast no heate availes:
His prowesse hath beene knowne to *Mallaca*,
And to her neighbour-bord'ring *Bengala*.

Knighted by honour in deserts faire field,
Death-scorning GILBERT, chronicled by fame,
To *Englands* Monarchesse did force to yeeld
The savage lande (that New-found now we name)
Making wilde people milde, submisse, and tame.
O were mens lives unto their praises tied!
Then, noble GILBERT, never hadst thou died.

But cursed fates did crosse brave CHIDLIES thought,
(O that brave thoughts by fates still cross'd should be!)
Nothing but worth his hungrie humour sought,
Nothing but honours Nectar thirsted hee,
When death untimely did exact his fee:
But CHIDLIE, that which death took frō thy daies,
Honour shall adde to thine immortall praise.

If

Sir Francis Drake.

If ſearching labyrinths inextricable,
By hard adventures, and ambiguous waies,
To purchaſe glorie, and renowne be able,
And meritorious of eternall praiſe;
Then FROBISHER out-lives the *Sybils* daies:
What death tooke from his life, this gives his name:
Death hath no dart to ſlaie deſerved fame.

Out of the concave cavern's of the earth,
Her golden-oared entrals he deſcri'd,
Exiling famine, povertie, and dearth,
Theſe precious bowels having once eſpi'd,
Where maſſie gold ingorged did abide:
He recompenſed natures iniurie,
That gives earth gold, and leaves men povertie.

Rich *China*, and faire *Mei Incognita*,
Admir'd his valour, and extold his fame,
Cathaia, and the great *America*,
The dangerous ſtraights that yet doe bear his name,
Are monumentall annals of the ſame;
Annals, wherein poſteritie ſhall reade,
How fame the living ſalves, revives the dead.

Now

Sir Francis Drake.

Now drop my pen in inke of drery teares,
A name of late of laughter, and of ioye;
But now (ô death, the agent of our feares!)
A name of dolour and of dire annoye,
The ſad memorial! of the fates deſtroye;
HAVVKINS (ô now my hart cleave thou a ſunder!)
In naming him (me ſeemes) I name a wonder.

Epitome of Gods, heavens conterfaire,
Fames *Pyramis*, honours imagerye,
Highe throne, wherein all vertues made their ſeate,
True proſpective of immortalitie,
Faire mirrour of celeſtiall maieſtie:
White palme, whoſe ſilver boughes inharbour'd reſt,
Snowe-feath'red ſwan, the *Neſtor* of the Weſt.

Neſtor in wiſedome, art, and pollicie,
Neſtor in knowledge, ſkyll and prudencie;
Neſtor in counſell, and in gravitie,
Neſtor in wit, fore-ſight, and modeſtie,
Neſtor in might, and magnanimitie:
O would he had (as he had *Neſtors* haires)
Enioyed *Neſtors* age, and *Neſtors* yeares!

Amortall

Sir Francis Drake.

A mortall man more then a man of late,
(If mortall man more then a man maie be)
Since his lifes calender is out of date,
And deaths new-yeare exactes his cuſtom'd fee,
No more a man, nor mortall now is hee:
No more a man, becauſe of breath bereaven,
Mortall no more, becauſe a ſaint in heaven.

CLIFFORD, a name that ſtill was ominous,
Prefiguring an high-reſolved minde,
Victorious, vent'rous, vertuous, valorous,
Eternall adiunctes to that noble kinde,
By natures ſecret influence aſſign'd:
Who can denie that names are ominous?
For CLIFFORDS name hath ſtill beene valorous.

O had he periſh'd in his enterpriſe,
(As did th' inventour of that braſen beaſt)
Who firſt that fatall engin did deviſe
The diſmall Gunne, the actour of unreſt,
Whoſe thunder-bolts do pearce the ſtrongeſt breſt:
O had he periſh'd in his mothers wombe,
And that which gave him life, had beene his tombe!

Sir Francis Drake.

Nectar-tongu'd SYDNEY, *Englands Mars*, and *Muse*,
Heroique DEVOREVX, had never sent
Their royall bloode to earth's unworthy use;
Nor FROBISHER his breath at *Frost* had spent,
We should not WINGFIELDS losse so much lament;
Such worthies might have sav'd their vitall breath,
By one accursed vassals worthie death.

Then might victorious CLIFFORD yet survive,
And with renowne invested BASCARVILL
Regreete faire *Albions* shining shoare alive;
No *Spaniard* had triumphed in his ill,
Nor boasted he so brave a knight did kill:
If, but by one, whose worth his worth could staine,
He had not beene slaine, he had not beene slaine.

Sleepe you securelie ô thrise blessed bones,
The sacred reliques of so faire a Saint,
In your rich tombe enchas'd with precious stones,
Till honour shall your destinie prevent,
And Fame revive the breath that Fates have spent:
And if no *Homer* will displaie your name,
Accept a *Cherilus* to doe the same.

Live

Sir Francis Drake.

Live, ô live ever, ever-living spirites,
Where ever-live the sp'rites of vertuous livers,
Heavens have your soules, the earth your fame inherits;
But when earths massie apple turnes to shivers,
And fire conioines that nature now dissevers,
That hold's your souls shall then your fames containe;
For earth shall end, your praise shall still remaine.

What though you left your bodies far from home,
And some on seas, some died on the sand,
Loosing the honour of your fathers tombe,
Which manie seeke, few have, none understand?
Heaven is as neere from sea, as from the land:
What though your costly-tombe you could not have?
You fought your countries good, not countries grave.

More then most blest (if more then most maie bee)
Spirites of more then most renowned wightes:
But if of more then most be no degree,
As much as most you are (victorious knights)
Earths admirations, and the heavens delights;
And as in worth you were Superlatives,
So shall you be in fame Infinitives.

Sir Francis Drake.

Now is the conſummation of your griefe,
The fates have ſet full period to your paine;
He, who on earth was all your hearts reliefe,
Whoſe abſence you in heaven it ſelfe did plaine,
(If plaints attach them that in heaven remaine)
In heaven is now aſſociate of your ioie,
Your glad, our griefe; your pleaſure, our annoie.

You, whoſe exploites the world it ſelfe admired,
Admire the ſtrange exploites of peerles DRAKE;
And you whom nether lands nor ſea's have tired,
Have tir'd your tongues when they rehearſall make
What hard adventures he did undertake;
Then if that ſuch *Atlantes* are too weake,
What marvell, if this waight our ſhoulders breake?

O you once matchleſſe monarches of the ſeas,
But now advanced to an higher place,
Inveſted Vice-roy's and high Satrapes,
In that faire palace neere the milken race;
O thinke not that his praiſe doth yours deface:
If he be iuſtlie prais'd, you iuſtlie graced,
Your graces by his praiſe are not defaced.

What

Sir Francis Drake.

What though his worth above yours is extold?
Yet thereby is not yours extenuated:
What though your neighbours iewels dearer ſold,
Than for the price whereat your gemme is rated;
What thereby is your Diamond abated?
Wherefore to give both him and you your due,
I ſaie he was the beſt, the next were you.

Like as ſome travel-tired paſſenger,
By ſilent-ſliding *Thames* roſe-ſhadow'd ſide
(Poore care-aecloyed pilgrime traveler,)
Sits downe to view the ſight-reviving ſlide,
The wanton-bubling waters gentle glide;
Smiling to ſee the rivers quav'ring flankes,
Dallie upon the dayſie-diap'red bankes.

Thus while he feaſteth both his eies and eares
With native muſicke ſweeter then a mans,
(Like to a ſhowre of ſilver ſnowe) appeares
A flight of alabaſter-feath'red ſwans;
Whoſe number while his ſence amaſing ſcans,
Forth-with an other flight his minde doth comber,
And thus doth number bring him out of number.

Sir Francis Drake.

So sitting by the *Tempe*-smilinge side
Of honie-droppinge *Aganippes* fount,
I had espied (or seem'd I had espied)
A troupe of vertues swarminge downe the mount,
Whose number while I studied to recount,
Downe from the mountaine ever issued more;
Thus I forgot what I had told before.

Higher then heaven, farther then east, or west,
Beyond both Poles, and utmost *Thules* bandes,
Our lofty Dragon did advaunce his crest,
Exacting tribute of the strangest landes,
Wone by his wordes, or conquer'd by his handes:
His handes and wordes such powre impulsive bare,
These tam'd the wild, they made the strong to feare.

A glorious splendour of a luckie star,
Lightned upon his byrth a golden smile,
Portendinge valour and successe in war,
A thought which no dishonour should defile:
All crosse aspects his wisedome did beguile:
For whatsoever stars seeme to importune,
Wisedome predominates both fate, and fortune.

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The *Spartan* once exil'd *Archilochus*
The author of *Lycambe's* tragedie,
Becauſe he ſay'd it was commodious,
Rather to caſt awaie his ſhield and flie,
Than coldlie to reſiſt, and bravelie die:
O if ſuch cowardiſe DRAKES minde had ſtayned,
His valour never had ſuch honour gayned.

Looke how th'induſtrious Bee in fragrant May,
When *Flora* guilts the earth with golden flowrs,
Invelop'd in her ſweete perfum'd aray,
Doth leave his hony-lim'd delicious bowrs
More richlie wrought than Princes ſtatelie towrs,
Wavinge his ſilken wings amid the aire,
And to the verdant gardens makes repaire:

Firſt falls he on a braunch of fugred Tyme,
Then from the marigold he ſucks the ſweete,
And then the mint, and then the roſe doth clime,
Then on the budding roſmarie doth light,
Till with ſweete treaſure having charg'd his feete,
Late in the eveninge home he turn's againe,
Thus profite is the guerdon of his paine.

So in the May-tide of his ſommer age.
Valour enmov'd the minde of ventrous DRAKE,
To lay his life with winds and waves in gage,
And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his countrie for his countri's ſake;
Loathinge the life that cowardiſe doth ſtaine,
Preferring death, if death might honour gaine.

At *Cuba* ſilver, at *Coquimbo* gold,
At *China* cloth and precious ſilkes he found,
Pearle at the Pearled Iles he did behold;
Rich Couchanelo hoarded did abound,
Imboſom'd in *Tichamachalco*'s ground:
Thus his induſtrious labour ſtill did raiſe
The publique profite, and his private praiſe.

As *Nilus* with his inundation
Vpon all *Aegypt* fertile fatneſſe ſhowrs;
Or as *Euphrates* on the *Chaldee* nation
An over-flowing floud of plentie powrs,
And graceth all the continent with flowrs:
So DRAKE his countrie fil'd with ſtore & plentie,
And filling it, himſelfe was almoſt emptie.

Whereas

Sir Francis Drake.

Whereas the night can never finde a place
The ſuns eternall ſhining to aſſwage;
Whereas the ſun durſt never ſhew his face,
For feare of icye winters choaking rage;
Nations unknown unto the antique age:
There hath he bene, and made eternall light,
Where, but for him, had bene eternall night.

Plung'd in the Ocean of perplexities,
With waves of death, and windes of black deſpaire,
Amid the *Scyllas* of uncertainties,
With ſourges of ſad death and drery feare,
Which to the skies their billowes oft did reare:
Scorne-fortune DRAKE by fortunes rage was borne,
The more ſhe rag'd, the more he did her ſcorne.

Where diſmall dread, and agonizinge deathe
Hovers about them with their helliſh wings,
Still threatning to intoxicate their breath,
And ſtop the conduicts of the vitall ſprings,
That nutrimentall ſpirites to them brings;
Even in the jaws of death did valor beare him,
That death himſelf might know DRAKE did not fear him.

Huge

Sir Francis Drake.

Huge mountaine Ilands of congealed ice,
Floating (like *Delos*) on the stormie maine,
Could not deterre him from his enterprise,
Nor bloud-congealing winters freezing paine,
Enforce him coward-like turne backe againe:
Valour in greatest dangers shines most bright,
As full-fac'd *Phœbe* in the darkest night.

He that hath beene where none but he hath beene,
Leaving the world behinde him as he went;
He that hath seene that none but he hath seene,
Searching if any other world unkent,
Lay yet within the Oceans bolome pent:
Even he was DRAKE: ô could I faire he is,
No musicke would revive the soule, like this.

He that did passe the straites of *Magellane*,
And saw the famous Iland *Megadore*:
He that unto the Ile of *Mayo* came,
Where winter yeeldeth grapes in plenteous store:
He that the Ile of *Fogo* pass'd before,
A second *Ætna*, where continuall smoake
Of brimstone-burning vaults the aire doth choake:

He

Sir Francis Drake.

He that at *Brava* ſawe perpetuall ſpring,
Gracing the trees with never-fading greene,
Like laurell branches ever flouriſhing:
He that at *Taurapaza*'s port had beene:
He that the rich *Molucces* Iles had ſeene:
He that a new-founde *Albion* deſcride,
And ſafelie home againe his barke did guide:

He was (ô would he might have beene for ever!)
Victorious DRAKE, (for more he could not be)
So much he was, till deſt'ny did diſſever
His ſoule and bodie (ô great crueltie!)
Leaving this to the ſea, that to the skie,
But *England*, nothing, that firſt gave him breath,
Save everlaſting dolour for his death.

O would we ſtill had lack'd this legacie,
And heaven had beene contented with his fame!
O would the ſeas had miſt this treaſurie!
O would the earth had ioi'd his living name,
And *England* ever had enioi'd the ſame!
But now the ſeas, and heaven ioie in their treaſure,
But earth's and *Englands* woe exceedes all meaſure.

Sir Francis Drake.

O heavens, why take you that which late you gave?
O seas, why hold you him that once held you?
O earth, how hast thou miss'd that thou did'st crave?
O *England*, how art thou bereft thy due?
O unto whom wilt thou for comfort sue?
To earth? why that's partaker of thy mone:
To heavens? ah they with-hold that is thine owne!

O now descend my ever-mourning Muse
Downe from the by-cliffe of thy sisters mount;
Forsake *Cytheron*, nor frequent the use
Of th' amber-weeping *Pegase-hoofe*-made fount,
Now prune thy wings, aloft thou maist not mount:
Sighe forth the humble modell of thy woe;
For ioie ascends, but sorrow sings below.

Now chaunge thy winter-scorning lawrell boughes,
That made thy temples swell with mounting braine:
And with sad cypresse all begirt thy browes,
The dreric ensignes of ensuing paine,
Sad presentations of a tragicke vaine;
In whose broade leaves spectatours eies maie see,
The deepe-grav'd characters of extasie.

Now

Sir Francis Drake.

Now leave *Pernaſſus* heaven-aſpiring mountaine,
For ſad *Avernus* hel-depreſſed plaines:
Leave *Aganippes* hony-bubling fountaine,
Whereby the Muſes Chorus ſtill remaines,
And to the waters warble forth their ſtraines:
Leave *Aganippe* for the *Stygian* lake,
And for the fiendes the Muſes ſongs forſake.

In ſteede of *Helicons* greene-varniſht grove
Walke in the ſilent ſhade of *Erebus*:
In ſteede of *Ida* (where the ladies ſtrove,
Before the braine-ſicke ſonne of *Priamus*)
Frequent the bloomy walkes of *Tænarus*:
Weare ſable Heben for the ſpringing bay,
Chaunge ioies aucoutrements for griefes aray.

Sorrow be thou my Muſe, ſadneſſe my ſong,
And death the ſubiect that I verſifie:
The deſtinies deſpight, and fortunes wronge,
Is that which now I muſt hiſtorifie,
In ſilent cell of ſad Melancholie:
My Heben pen ſhall poure out ynkie teares,
That he maie weepe that reades, he ſigh that heares.

Why

Sir Francis Drake.

Why doe I crave the fiends and furies aide,
To cauſe them weepe that cannot chuſe but mone?
What needeth I ſtrive to make men more diſmaide?
Why ſhould I bid them doe that all have done?
Say but great DRAKE is dead, who wil not grone?
For he that heareth that, and ſheds not teares,
Who will not ſaie, he nourſed was of beares?

O you, whoſe adamantine-hard'ned harts
Delight in nothing, but in tragedies:
Who ſit and ſmile at tortur'd wretches ſmarts,
Making your eares ſweete muſicke with their cries,
Sucking the teares diſtilling from their eies;
Singing when all the world doth weepe, ſave you,
Applauding that which all beſide doe rue:

Come heere and reade (ô that no eie might reade it!)
The ende of him whom all did love or feare:
Heare what is ſaid (ô that no tongue had ſaid it!)
His death, in whom all vertues numbred were:
And if you this can either reade or heare,
Not ſuffring teares from yron eies to glide;
Boaſt you can doe that none can doe beſide.

But

Sir Francis Drake.

But you milde ſpirites, that have wept out all,
When firſt you hard, that hardelie you beleev'd;
Feare not the ſound, that have ſuſtain'd the fall,
And having borne the ſore that moſt you griev'd,
Shunne not the ſalve whereby you are reliev'd:
For, having once ſuſtain'd the bullets wounde,
What needes you feare the cannons harmeleſſe ſounde?

Then tell me Muſe, (if thou canſt tell for teares)
When, how, and where he di'd; and tell no more,
This is enoughe, yea to much too rehearſe:
O would ſo much had not beene told before,
Nor ſhould heereafter (to our greefe and ſore)
Be truelie told I ô had not fate denied
That he, who ever lives, had never died.

Then had not love and ſorrowe yet conſtrain'd
My out-caſt eaglet Muſe to looke ſo highe
As *Titans* beames, which now unneath ſuſtain'd,
Bewraye unto the world with daz'led eie
A baſe degenerate ympe of Poetrie:
Nor Critickes cenſure ſhould up-braid me ſo,
Thus to preſume to flie, that ſcarce can goe.

But

Sir Francis Drake.

But that which *Jove* and deſtinie hath don,
Men may lament, but never diſanull:
And they that checke me for preſumption,
(When love conſtrain'd me write, though I were dull)
Blaming preſumption, muſt praiſe love at full:
And eaſilie the fault may be redreſſed,
Where love and dutie only have tranſgreſſed.

Now was the mon'the that olde *Sextilis* name
Chaung'd by the *Roman* Senates ſage decree:
And gloryinge ſo to innovate the ſame,
To have himſelfe new-chriſt'ned did agree,
Proud, that *Auguſtus* god-father ſhould bee:
While *Ceres* clad him in a mantle fayre
Of bearded corne ſtill quavering with the ayre:

When as a royall fleete, with ioyfull mindes,
(O how miſhap is neereſt ſtill to ioy!)
Daringe their hopes, and lives to ſea, and windes,
(Two truſtleſſe treaſurers, full of annoye)
Did toward the weſterne *Indes* their courſe imploy:
Whoſe guide to DRAKE, & HAWKINS was aſſign'd,
When they went forth, ô who would ſtay behinde?

Whether

Sir Francis Drake.

Whether to win from *Spaine* that was not *Spaines*,
Or to acquite us of ſuſtained wronge,
Or intercept their *Indian* hoped gaines,
Thereby to weaken them, and make us ſtronge;
Heere to diſcuſſe, to me doth not belong:
Yet if griefe maie ſaie truth by natures lawes,
Ill was th' effect, how good ſo-ere the cauſe.

Now are they on the ſeas, reſolv'd to proove
The mercie of a mercie-wanting wave:
England behinde them lies, there lies their love;
Before them, and about them aire they have,
And ſometime foggie miſts their ſight bereave:
Beneath them, ſeas; above them, skies they finde:
Seas full of waves, skies threatning ſtormes & winde.

O *Neptune*, never like thy ſelfe in ſhew,
Inconſtant, variable, mutable,
How doſt thou *Proteus*-like thy forme renew?
O whereto is thy change imputable?
O whereunto art thou beſt ſuteable?
Rightly the moone predominateth thee,
For thou art all as changeable as ſhee.

 Thus

Thus ſtill ambiguous twixt feare and hope,
Feare in the ſtormes, and hope in calmer tide;
Paſſing ſaint *Michaels* promontorie toppe,
At length the bay of *Portingale* they ſpi'de,
Where not determining long time t' abide,
Againe they venter on their daungers ſource,
And to the Grand *Canaries* bend their courſe.

Now paſſe in ſilence, ô my drouping pen,
So manie famous townes and ports paſt by.
Some tooke, ſome burnt, ſome unaſſaulted then,
As that Port *Rico*, place of miſerie,
Where (ô!) great HAWKINS, & brave CLIFFORD lie;
The taking of the citty *Hatch* conceale,
Nor many other brave attempts reveale:

Only two baſe ignoble places tell,
Famous for nothing, but for death and dreade:
Where (ô!) that, which my Muſe lamentes, befell,
The ſtages where our tragedie was plaide,
Th' one *Scudo*, th' other *Portabella* ſaide:
Both to be raſed out of memorie,
But for memoriall of this tragedie.

Sir Francis Drake.

O wherefore ſhould ſo manie famous places,
Worthie eternall memorie and fame,
Be heere conceal'd, unworthy ſuch diſgraces,
And theſe two ſhould be regiſtred by name,
Though meritorious of eternall blame?
But ſome are ſometime named to their ſhames,
And therefore muſt I tell theſe places names.

Whether of both was in the greateſt fault,
I know not, nor I care not much to knowe:
(Far deeper paſſions now my minde aſſault:)
Thus much I know (ô that I knew not ſo!)
Both iointlie ioin'd to aggravate our woe;
Since he on whom his countries hope relied,
At *Scudo* ſickned, at *Portbella* died.

Accurſed Ile, whoſe life-impoys'ning aire,
Intoxicates his ſanctified breath!
But moſt accurſed port that did impaire
That fleſh, compacted of the pureſt earth,
And made the ſame a ſacrifice to death!
O let them languiſh in eternall night,
That did extinguiſh earths faire-ſhining light!

Sir Francis Drake.

O let theſe places be earth's diſmall hell,
Th' inhabitants eternall-tortur'd ghoſts,
The ſnaky-hayred Furies loathſome cell,
Swarming with fiends and damned ſpirites hoaſts,
And palpable thick fogs infect the coaſts:
And bee this never-ending purgatorie
A place of pennance for DRAKE's wofull ſtory.

O ſoule, exhale out of thy deepeſt center
The ſorrow-ſobbing ſighes of extaſie;
O let thy voice heavens territories enter,
Breathe forth into the aires concavitie
The diſmall accents of thy tragedie:
Call heaven and earth to witneſſe of thy woe,
How that thy griefe doth heaven and earth oreflowe.

O let our clamours to the skies repaire;
O let our ſmoake-exhalinge breaths enfold
A mightie cloud of ſighes amid the aire,
Like vapours in the element enrold
By Sol's attractive powre expellinge cold;
Till being diſſolv'd, they ſhal on earth againe
Powre downe a deluge of teare-ſhowring raine.

Now

Sir Francis Drake.

Now duſky clouds have overcaſt the ſunne,
That latelie bright tranſlucent ſplendour ſhed
In radiant rayes, that from his beames did runne
Into earth's eyes, with darkneſſe dazeled.
Since firſt theſe clouds his face incurtained:
A darke eclipſe obſcures his ſhining light,
That latelie made cleare day in darkeſt night.

Behold the loftie Cedars ſtatelie toppe,
Whilome attir'd in ſummers riche aray,
That in the ſkies his prowd heade did enwrap,
Now are his greene-ſilke leaves gon to decay,
His tufted boughes, and braunches falne awaie:
And ſince his nutrimentall ſap is periſht,
He falling breakes the trees he latelie cheriſht.

He, that the braveſt Champion was accounted
Boldlie t' incounter with the proudeſt foe;
Now from his ſtatelie courſer is diſmounted,
And hath by death receiv'd an overthrowe,
Vnto the worlds inconſolable woe:
The tournament turn'd to lamenting feares,
And all the triumphs into ruthfull teares.

Sir Francis Drake.

A ſacred Temple edifi'd to Fame,
Where honour annuallie did ſacrifice
An holy Hecatombe to her name,
Now, level'd with the earth, everted lies:
This onlie comfort have the votaries;
That though the temple thus be over-blowne,
The ſacred ſaint ſhall nere be overthrowne.

The vulture anguiſh fireth on my mawe,
Sorrow hath ceazed on my grieved hart:
There doth he without intermiſſion gnawe,
From hence the other never can depart,
But ſtill begins, and never endes my ſmart:
And thus poore I, twixt ſorrow and twixt anguiſh,
Doe neither live nor die, but alwaie languiſh.

Ay me! what ſhall I doe this griefe t' alaie?
Shall I with fained ſmiles my ſmart conceale?
Ah no! like fire, it will it ſelfe bewraie:
Or ſhall I ſue to heaven his backe repeale?
Ah no! ſuch ſutes with heaven can nere prevaile:
What therefore ſhall I doe this griefe t' alaie?
Still grieve, till Death take griefe and life awaie.

Sir Francis Drake.

O Death inhouſ'd in hells profundities,
Now excerciſe on mee thy tyranie:
Anatomize me into atomies,
Set period to my full falne extaſie,
Prolong no longer this long tragedie:
O Death ſome eaſe unto my ſorrow ſend:
For Death, they ſay, doth griefe and ſorrow end.

What ſay they? Death doth griefe and ſorrow end?
O how they are deceav'd in ſaying ſo!
Death onlie did this griefe and ſorrow ſend:
Death was the onlie agent of our woe,
Death was our drerie and our diſmall foe:
For had not Death himſelfe ſubdued DRAKE,
The world beſide could not him captive make.

This onelie comfort is unto us left,
(O ſimple comfort in ſo great diſtreſſe!)
That no prowd *Spaniard* hath his life bereft,
No man may boaſt he cauſ'd our wretchedneſſe,
Nor triumph he ſubdued earths worthineſſe:
But onlie Death our treaſure hath bereaven,
And that was due to earth, he gave to heaven.

Sir Francis Drake.

To heaven? ah why is heaven covetous?
Why are the Gods (ô pardon griefe) ſo greedie,
To raviſh from the earth, the precious,
And leave to us th' unworthie, baſe, and needie?
O heavens, what can our harmes and loſſes ſteed yee?
Ah *Jove*! if thou beeſt rightly term'd a giver, (her?
Why doſt thou take from earth that ſhoulde relieve

An high diſdaine enrag'd the *Macedon*,
And gall did grate againſt his eager breſt,
Dreading, his father all the world had won,
And meaſur'd with his ſword from eaſt to weſt,
And he ſhould languiſh in ignoble reſt:
Wherefore he often wiſht, two worldes had bin,
One for his father, one for him to win.

As great as *Alexander* in renowne,
In vertue greater farre then ever hee,
Great DRAKE on nature ſometime ſeem'd to frowne,
That but one world, and that all knowne ſhould be;
Wherefore he ſought ſome other world to ſee:
Vntill at length to heaven he did attaine,
And finding heaven ſcorn'd to returne againe.

As

Sir Francis Drake.

As one, that vowes a ſolemne pilgrimage
To ſome canoniz'd Saints religious ſhrine,
Doth leave his ſolitarie hermitage,
And with a new-incenſed zeale divine,
Vnto devotion doth his minde incline:
Paſſing the way and day in meditation,
Beguiling both with holy contemplation:

At length with often-tired tedious race,
Alwaie invoking Saints ſucceſſive aide,
Arriveth at the ſanctified place,
Where after all his oriſons are ſaide,
And due oblations to his Saint are paide;
Raviſht in ſpirite with devoted zeale,
Becomes a Prieſt, and will not home repeale.

So DRAKE, the pilgrime of the world, intending
A vowed voyage unto Honours ſhrine,
At length his pilgrimage in heaven had ending,
Where raviſht with the ioies more than divine,
That in the temple of the Gods doe ſhine:
There did a never-dying life renew,
Bidding baſe earth, and all the world, adewe.

Inten-

Sir Francis Drake.

Intending for to worke his countries pleaſure,
O cruell chance! he wrought his countries paine:
And minding to augment faire *Englands* treaſure,
(Alaſſe!) he drowned in the *Ocean* maine
The richeſt treaſure *England* did containe,
Save one rare iewell, whoſe rich price is ſuch,
As none can either prize, or praiſe too much.

What treaſure was it then that DRAKE hath loſt?
It was not ſilver, ſilver yeeldes to gold:
It was not gold, pearle is of greater coſt:
Nor pearle, for precious ſtones are dearer ſold:
Yet precious ſtones this treaſure did not hold:
O no! it was himſelfe, more worth alone
Then ſilver, gold, or pearle, or precious ſtone.

O dire miſchance! ô lamentable loſſe!
Impov'riſhing the riches of our Ile,
O wherefore ſhould ſiniſter deſtinie croſſe,
And with her frowne incurtaine fortunes ſmile?
O now I ſee ſhe ſmiles but to beguile!
O Fortune alwaie to deſerts unkinde!
That *England* loſt, not all the world can finde.

O

Sir Francis Drake.

O let us looſe our ſight with ſhedding teares,
And with eternall weeping looſe our eies,
Looſe breath with ſighes, looſe minde with drerie feares,
Looſe ſence with terror, and looſe voice with cries,
Still meditating on our miſeries:
Since we have found his loſſe, he loſt his breath,
Since we haue loſt his helpe, he found his death.

But oh! why doe we breake our hearts with griefe,
And to the ſenceleſſe aire ſigh forth our grones?
Sith all in vaine, heavens ſend us no reliefe,
But ſtop their eares againſt our piteous mones;
Our ſighes as ſoone maie penetrate the ſtones,
As heavens hard eares: ô therefore doe we plaine,
And therefore weepe, becauſe we weepe in vaine.

We weepe in vaine, becauſe for him we weepe,
Since he with ſaints in thought-ſurmounting ioie,
At *Joves* great feſtivall doth revell keepe,
Where neither ſcarſitie doth him annoie,
Nor loath'd ſatietie his minde accloy:
O ſince that he from us is gone to bliſſe,
We doe lament our owne miſhap, not his.

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The faireſt plot in all th' *Eliſian* field,
By *Joves* commaund, is unto him aſſign'd;
And heavens eternall Summer-houſe doth yeeld,
A paradiſe unto his ſoule refin'd,
For ſacred contemplation of the minde:
And as of men to Gods he was the neereſt,
So now to *Jove* of Gods he is the deereſt.

And if his death be rightfully reſpected,
Some ioie it hath to mitigate our woe;
For that which for our country is effected,
Is good, though death with theſe effectes doth goe,
And well he dies, that dies gainſt countries foe:
Therefore though death unto him did betide,
(O ioyfull end!) DRAKE for his countrie di'd.

DRAKE for his country di'd, ô ioyfull end!
This ioyfull ende beganne his countries woe:
His glorious death his country did defend,
And yet his death did grieve his country ſo,
As flouds of ſorrow doe her overflowe:
Well did he die, that for his country died,
Had not his countries death to his beene tied.

This

Sir Francis Drake.

This end began our woe, ended our pleaſure,
This end did end our weale, began our paine,
This end began our loſſe, ended our treaſure,
This end did end our mirth, began our plaine,
This end began our griefe, ended our gaine,
This end did end reliefe, began annoy;
O then no ioyfull end, but end of ioy!

Spaine, clap thy hands, while we our hands do wringe,
And while wee weepe, laughe thou at our diſtreſſe,
While wee doe ſob and ſighe, ſit thou and ſinge,
Smile thou, while wee lament with heavineſſe,
While wee our griefe, do thou thy ioy expreſſe:
Since hee, who made us triumph, and thee quake,
Hath ceaſ'd to live; ô moſt victorious DRAKE.

Proud *Spaine*, although our Dragon be bereft vs,
Wee rampant Lions have enowe for thee:
Magnanimous ESSEX (heav'ns delight) is left vs,
And ô long may the heavens let him be!
Greate COMBERLAND and HOWARD yet have we;
And ô long may wee have them, and enioy
Theſe worthies to our wealth, and thine annoy.

Theſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Theſe yet ſurvive (o may they ſo for ever!)
To make eternall thunder in thine eares
With their hart-daunting names, and (like a fever)
To make thee tremble all diſtraught with feares,
When thou th' alarume of their trumpets heares:
ELISA lives, and while ELISA raignes
One *England* neede not feare an hundred *Spaines*.

And that deare bodie held in *Neptunes* wombe,
By *Jove* ſhalbe tranſlated to the ſkie:
The ſea no more, heaven then ſhall be his tombe,
Where he a new-made ſtar eternallie
Shall ſhine, tranſparent to ſpectatours eie:
A feareful! comet in the ſight of *Spaine*,
But ſhall to us a radiant light remaine.

He, who alive to them a Dragon was,
Shalbe a Dragon unto them againe,
For with his death his terrour ſhall not paſſe,
But ſtill amid the aire he ſhall remaine
A dreadfull Meteor in the eie of *Spaine*:
And as a fierie Dragon, ſhall portend
Englandes ſucceſſe, and *Spaines* diſaſter end.

Knowne

Sir Francis Drake.

Knowne to the heavens by honour long before,
Now by the preſence of th'immortall ſoule,
O new-made ſaint,(for now a man no more)
Admit my tender infant Muſe t' inroule
Thy name in honours everlaſting ſcroule:
What though thy prayſes cannot live by me?
Yet may I hope to live by prayſing thee.

And may thy prayſes live a while by me,
Though prayſing thus I doe but ſtaine thy praiſe:
And I awhile may live by prayſing thee:
Vntill ſome heavenlie Muſe begin to rayſe
Thy fame from grave to live eternall dayes:
If ominous birds beguile not with their ſong,
I augurize, this ſhall be done ere long.

Phœbus himſelfe ſhall chronicle thy fame,
And of a radiant ſunne-beame make the pen;
The inke, the milke whence Via Lactea came;
Th' empyrean heaven, the volume ſhalbe then;
To regiſter this miracle of men:
The ſunne and moone, the letters capitall;
The ſtars, the commas and the periods all.

Fovea

Sir Francis Drake.

Joves ſilver foote-ſtoole ſhall be librarie
That ſhall theſe Actes and Monuments containe;
Which that they maie to after ages tarie,
And as a true memoriall ſtill remaine,
Eternitie is th' adamantine chaine:
And that the heavẽs ſtil on DRAKES praiſe may look,
The Gods ſhall reade, and Saintes peruſe the booke.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Dignè ſcripſerit?

FINIS.